

# Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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## FROM THE DEAD.

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The mightiest morn since heaven on earth had smiled  
And called an Eden from the barren wild,  
Or chased the gloom from continent and sea,  
And filled with life the vast immensity,  
That brightest morn now rose on Salem's sky.  
A star-winged angel flames and flashes by.  
Where stood the lowly tomb in Joseph's bower,  
And watched by Roman guards in lonely hour,  
The mighty seraph bent his glorious flight  
And filled the garden with celestial light.  
Now sank the solid ground beneath his tread.  
And from his lightning face the soldiers fled,  
Or lay upon the trembling rocks, as dead.  
So awful was the terror of his look  
Earth saw, amazed, and to her center shook.  
He touched and rolled away the ponderous stone,  
And sat upon it, as upon a throne,  
As Life, encrowned, where Death before had reigned,  
And all the conquest of the grave regained.  
Then rose the Lord in glorious majesty,  
And, godlike, passed the tomb's strong portals by.  
Deep in the gorge of Death the peering day  
Saw where the monster's broken sceptre lay,  
And where the king of terrors cast his crown away.

A mighty thrill of glorious ecstasy  
Swept through the regions of immensity,  
Through all the ponderous frame of worlds and suns,  
Far as the universe her cycle runs.  
Then rose an anthem of celestial praise  
Such as alone the worlds redeemed can raise,  
A glorious melody from realms afar,  
And swelling on sublime, from star to star.  
The diapason rolls in depths profound  
And fills the nether space with solemn sound,  
While higher notes discourse melodious strains,  
And thrill the middle sky with rapt'rous paens.  
Far in the heights celestial chords aspire,  
And sound responsive to the starry choir.  
Thus rolling on and gathering all its power  
To celebrate this glad, triumphant hour,  
The mighty wave of universal joy  
O'erwhelms the worlds with glorious harmony.  
Wide heaven in vain presents her lofty towers,  
And the array of all her radiant powers.  
High o'er the jeweled walls the swelling tides  
Exultant leap, as when the ocean rides  
Above the reef which guards the tranquil shore,  
And proudly flings his mighty billows o'er.  
Thus heaven was given to celestial song,  
And still these mighty joys her rapturous choirs prolong.